

# Centennial Remembrance Run



H2H3 RUN # 398 10<sup>th</sup> November 2018

LOCATION: Lake close to Wat Huay Saam Phan Naam  
GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/cUKCw9dQDDL2>  
GPS COORDINATES: N 12 37.105, E 99 52.051

HARES: Screwdriver & Butt Out  
HASH SNACKS: Pussy Galore  
TAX COLLECTOR: Tinks  
ICE MAN: Mudman

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 33

HASH SCRIBES: Jock Twat & Cathusalem

## Pre-Hash

After two days of heavy rain, the hash gods gave us a nice sunny afternoon for the day's forthcoming fun & frolics. This was marred by the 'very' late arrival by the Beir Meister. Perhaps I should explain his tardiness. It all started the evening before in that fine establishment Bobbie's Bar. Two hashers who shall remain nameless, but Brambles Bill & Butt-Out convinced a well refreshed Jock Twat to take a shortcut to the hash. Result? He managed to get incredibly lost. Screwdriver provided a 'talk-down' by phone reminiscent of the spaced-out Air Traffic Controller in the 80's classic movie Airplane. The route he provided went past Black Mountain Water Park, the road had more pot-holes and craters than the surface of the moon. One hole was so deep, I'm sure I saw 13 Thai schoolboys at the bottom awaiting rescue.

As the beer truck arrived at the hash site, with some of the suspension still in working order, Screwdriver was delivering what appeared to be a very lengthy pre-run brief. Unfortunately, I don't think the hashers were paying much attention, as will become apparent later on.

## The Trail

The direction(s) of On On was finally pointed out, walkers to the left and runners to the right (Isn't that from a Stealers Wheel song?). Because of the rainy conditions on Friday, the hares deemed it

necessary to abandon the runners trail so everyone would take the walkers trail. Why did we split up from the off? It was to save the walkers from going through a puddle. Awwwww bless!

After approximately ten minutes the walkers came to a T-junction where the paper abruptly ceased. Never fear we had been told by the intrepid hares, turn right. So turn right we did, after 0.5 km with still not a shred of paper in sight we returned to the T-junction. Maybe the hares meant the other right (left?) Still no sign of paper. Ballbanger was a bit ~~pis~~ fed up by now so he just kept on walking, never to be seen again (okay, okay, he was back at the carpark 10 minutes later)

Once more we returned to the T-junction. Do you know that feeling you get when you have lost your car keys? You always, always return to the place where you think they should be.



The hares planning where not to lay paper

A feeble On On was called, sure enough paper was found on the left-hand side going up through the pineapple fields. Could this be an in-trail? (more like an entrail). So we followed this slim life-line dejectedly until this paper also disappeared. I'm sure a nine-year-old kid had joined us at this stage. 'cause I kept hearing the cry "Is the beer cold yet? Is the beer cold yet?"

We could plainly see two more groups of walkers also doing their own thing in different directions. Pussy Peddler had managed to join the runners, I'm not sure he could tell you how that happened as he also was one of the 'lost' walkers shortly before.

After a tour of the pineapple fields, we decided that the beer was indeed cold enough to return to the car park where we were greeted by the sight of the two hares booted & suited enjoying some amber nectar. Distance covered (including search from the T-junction) 3.7 km.

#### Run report by Cathusalem:

The only thing I would say is that the hares could have laid paper from a pick up truck on the blue section of Tinks's GPS but hindsight is a wonderful thing. There was not a shred of paper for almost 1 km.

As advised in the briefing, Butt Out was at the start of the unpapered section to give instructions. No fault of Butt Out that I only received instructions second hand from Dutchy because I was with a group. However, the front runners of the group decided to turn round and go back. Butt Out had obviously left his post by this time or he would have told them to turn around again.

Dutchy refused to turn round to follow the pack and had (sort of) convinced another three ladies that we should go straight and then turn left as advised by Butt Out. I was undecided and shouted "Are you?" to the disappearing pack but got no response so decided to stick with the ladies.

"How far is it before we turn left then?" I asked Dutchy but she didn't know nor did she know whether we were to expect paper at this left turn. So we tried a few possible left turns looking for paper.

I decided that at a certain point we should turn right and try to find the runners out trail back because we'd wasted too much time looking for the left turn. If I'd known we should go almost 1 km then find paper before turning left, I might have tried to complete the walkers trail.

It was a nice going back on the runners out trail with four ladies but rather boggy.

My conclusion (if you've got this far without getting bored) is that it's unlikely anybody did the planned walkers trail.

### The Circle

#### **Pre down downs**

As a mark of respect on the eve of the Armistice Centennial, Rubber Duck gave a brief moving recital from the poem "For the fallen"

**They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.**

**Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.**

**At the going down of the sun and in the morning**

**We will remember them.**



This was followed By Cathusalem performing the "Last Post" As the last note faded across the water an eerie silence prevailed. Very poignant indeed. Well done guys.

### **Down downs by stand-in GM Tinks**

Rubber Duck & Cathusalem - The Patriots

Hares: Screwdriver & Butt Out

Hash Snacks: Loose Screw on behalf of Pussy Galore

Diving on the Hash: Ballbanger

Pussy Peddler: The Joker

Swindlers Pissed: New Shoes Jock Twat, Brambles Bill and Butt Out: Misdirection's to the hash at Bobby's Bar on Friday.

### **Downs Downs By Pussy Peddler**

Vanessa, Marlene & Dave: Virgins

Sleazy (Dubai Creek hash) & Bling (Dubai Desert Hash): Visitors

Mudman: Next week's CAH3 hare

**Always remember; never let the truth get in the way of a good story.**

That's all folks.



Jock Twat